

MAYFAIR

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

Vol. 7 No. 12

50p

**132 PAGES:
BIGGEST EVER
ANNIVERSARY ISSUE**

CHARLOTTE RAMPLING'S
NUDE SCREEN ROLE

GERMANY'S UNLUCKY AIR ACE

BARED: A BENNY HILL SHOW BIRD

STEAM AGE MINIATURES

QUEST: GIRLS WHO TEASE TOO MUCH

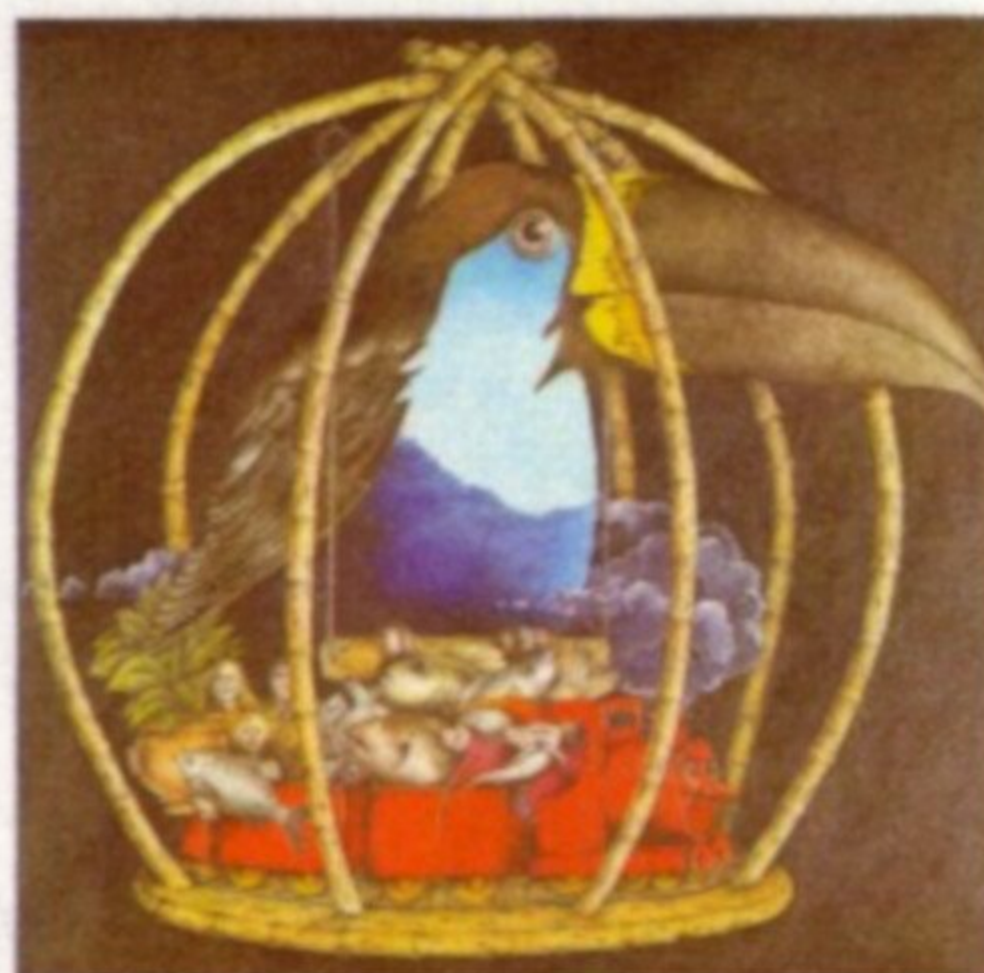
THE SWORN EVIDENCE
OF GHOSTS AT SEA

ENCORE: FOR MAYFAIR'S BEST BIRDS





OUR PRETTY PENNY: P61



A YANK'S YULETIDE: P44



BUMP AND GRIND: P68

MAYFAIR

INCORPORATING
King

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CONTENTS

SPECIAL FEATURES

Untrumpeted Ace:	The Red Baron's rival	Gerald Rawling	16
Sailors' Haunts:	Death on the ocean wave	S G Rogers	24
Sampling Rampling:	Charlotte nude on film		49
Old Boilers:	Rallying round traction engines	photographed by Andrew Morland	68

GIRLS

Second Sight:	Your Mayfairest Maidens of '72		35
Penny:	The girl from the Benny Hill Show	Clive McLean	61
Shelagh:	Bristol fashion unbuttoned	Ed Alexander	72
Nina:	Nude at the Conservative barbecue	Clive McLean	94

HUMOUR

Festive Spirits	Scrooge's visitors revamped	Raymond Lowry	100
White's Christmas:	Fowl thoughts	Paul White	27
Rolling Stoned:	Drunken delights	Brian O'Hanlon	54
Sex Drive:	Girls alighting and exciting	illustrated by Ronald Cobb	77
Gentlemen, That Reminds Me:	Our round-up of round-the-table tales		82
Caught In The Act:	Industrial Relations cartooned	Peter Maddocks	91
Table Talk:	Chatting up a waitress	Mike George	104
Carrie:	Served with a smile		128

INFORMERS

Motoring:	The fastest men on four wheels	William Boddy	20
Quest:	Sexy girls - teasers or pleasers?		107

FICTION

Unloving Walls:	A dream merchant's nightmare	Alan Roblou	8
American Christmas:	Synthetic celebrations	John Fergus Ryan	44
And So To Bedding:	The furniture salesman's fantasy	Arlene Sobel	116

READER SERVICES

Letters/page 14	Film Society/page 84	Members' Club/page 33	Back Numbers/page 113	Subscription Details/page 115
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CRITICS

Books: Arthur Pottersman	Films: David Quinlan	Discs: Peter Hopkin	Clubs: Kenneth Dowd	30
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Editor Kenneth Bound/Art Director Jim Bunker/Features Editor Steve Ashworth/Production Editor Tim Grindlay/Photography Clive McLean and Ed Alexander/Books Arthur Pottersman/Films David Quinlan/Clubs Kenneth Dowd/Motoring William Boddy/Readers' Service Pat Asquith/Advertisement Director Brian Giddings, M.Inst.M./published by Fisk Publishing Co. Ltd., 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2/Distributed by Continental Publishers and Distributors, 4 Regent Place, W1/Origination by Moorgate Lithoplates Ltd/Printed by Beric Press Ltd, Crawley, Sussex/
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SPLASH OUT



ON MAYFAIR'S 1973 COLOUR CALENDAR

More than 100,000 men bought twelve months of pleasure with the 1972 Mayfair calendar. Guarantee another year of enjoyable viewing with the colourful 1973 production. Twelve provocative poses will take you through from joyful January to delectable December. Yes, next year's calendar is on sale now. Buy it for yourself or as a year long gift for an appreciative friend.

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*'I'll tell you what – everything sure as
hell has happened today.'*



'Now Modom has finally made her choice, permit me to suggest she needs a good stuffing.'

SUCH FOWL LANGUAGE...

Paul White portrays some of the misunderstandings that can arise when you go in search of your Christmas bird



'I employed you to cook the goose, not goose the cook.'



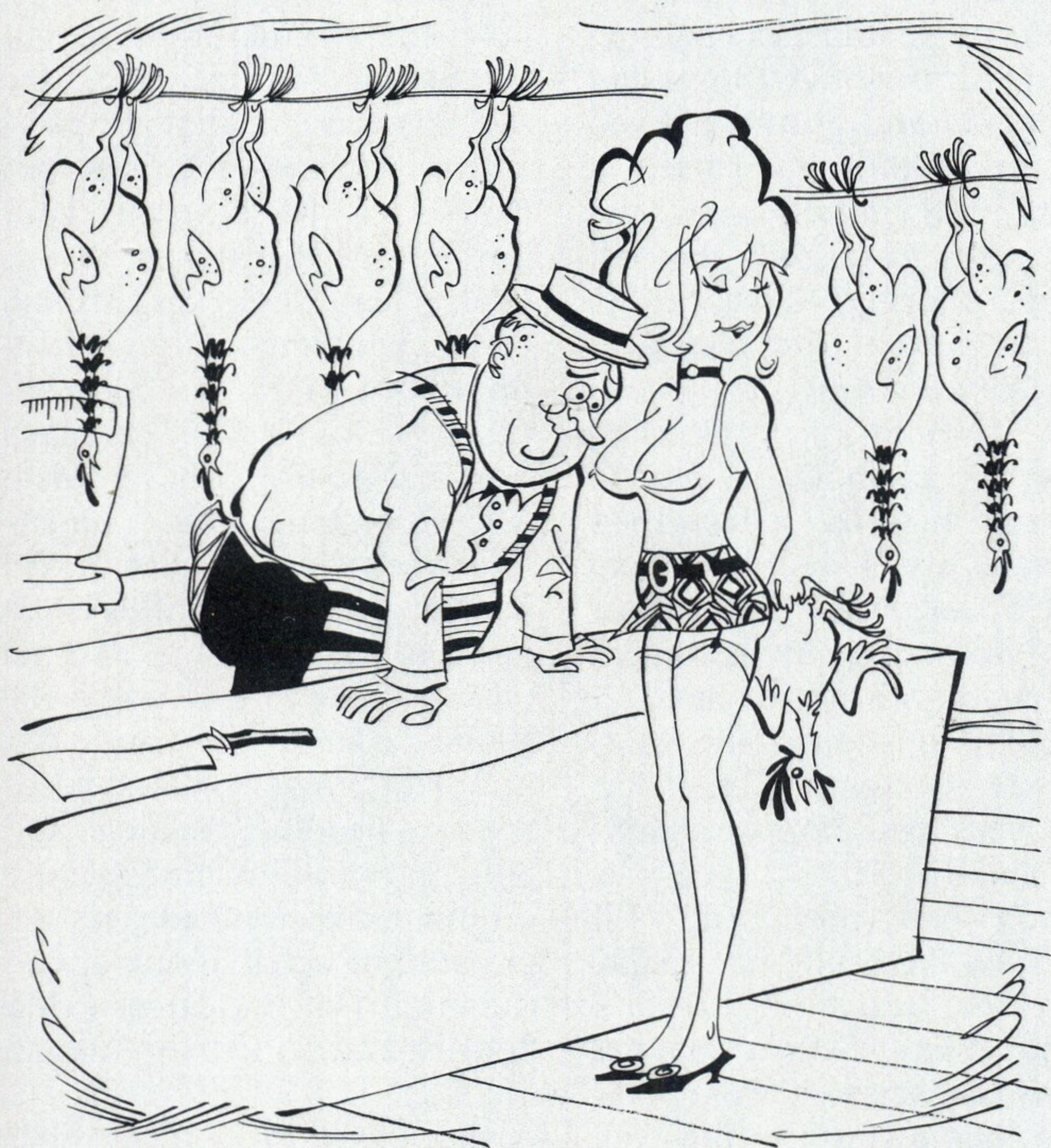
'I'll wager a fiver, Mr Dimitty, that you'll not see a plumper breasted bird this Christmas.'



'Isn't that just fate for you. You're a poulterer and I'm game ...'



'When you've got the bird securely trussed up, then tuck the parsons nose firmly between the legs.'



'I hate to mention this Mr Bartlett, when you've birds in plenty, but I've got a little something that badly needs plucking.'



'But Henry, you've often said yourself that some birds benefit from the battery method.'



'A speciality of mine, my dear. Fowl play is about to take place.'



'It's a wishbone. Every bird needs one. You pull it and your wishes come true.'



*There can't be many writers who think their wives sexy enough to spread naked across the covers of their books. But Sherri Spillane, ex-model wife of thriller writer Mickey Spillane, would be welcome on anyone's bookshelf. A leggy blonde, she adorns the jacket of Spillane's latest, *The Erection Set*.*

Encore for the Girls who Deserve a Standing Ovation

There are birds
and birds.
Some linger on
when others
have gone so what
gives a girl
her staying power.
Look back at
the Mayfair girls
who've got it



Delectable, gorgeous, perfect are but few of the praises lavished upon Christina Lindberg in the many letters we received about her and it's not at all difficult to see why. We caught 19-year old Christina in the middle of an up and coming year as an actress. She's a girl that you can't forget.



Tantalisingly clad in see-through nylon knickers, the rump of Karen Townsend (top left) caused many a stir among readers when we brought her from Buckinghamshire's gin and jodphur belt and persuaded her to reveal her aristocratic features in Mayfair's pages. When Sophie Colville (top right) stripped down to black boots to reveal a very well-formed 37-23-36 the response was so high that she came back and made a film for us. Lyndy Jefferson (above) we caught in London's King's Road. She never wears a bra and even her knickers are a showpiece. One of the most memorable pair of breasts belongs to Carolyn Hargreaves-Bland (right).





The girlish get up and go of 17 year old Alison Reed (far left) made as much a mark as her pert breasts and firm bottom. 'She must be great in bed,' said one reader. Jennifer (left), clad in her body stocking brought a wave of approval from those readers who follow the 'better to conceal than reveal school'. Monroeish Paula Merton (below and bottom left) was a temp secretary when we found her. She's now enjoying small film parts on the continent and wrote to us recently. She was having a whale of a time but for just one thing. 'I miss the Saturday afternoon cricket matches back home in Cambridge,' she said. Last winter was brightened by Lorraine Gilbey (right), the rustic redhead whose most developed sense was that of touch.





The provocative picture of Susy Shaw (left) who stood in for the rape scene in 'Straw Dogs' brought a host of sympathetic suggestions from many readers. Pobbles (below) is unforgettable. Readers are still turning back and writing about her remarkable 5 feet 2 inch, 39-23-35 figure. 'How appropriate that she should come from big Bristol,' said one. Soaping herself sexily is Virginia Jones (far right). More than one reader described this dark lovely as breathtaking. Catch of the year was Penny Mallett, (right) the Bournemouth beauty queen. Yes it's been a great year for dollies.

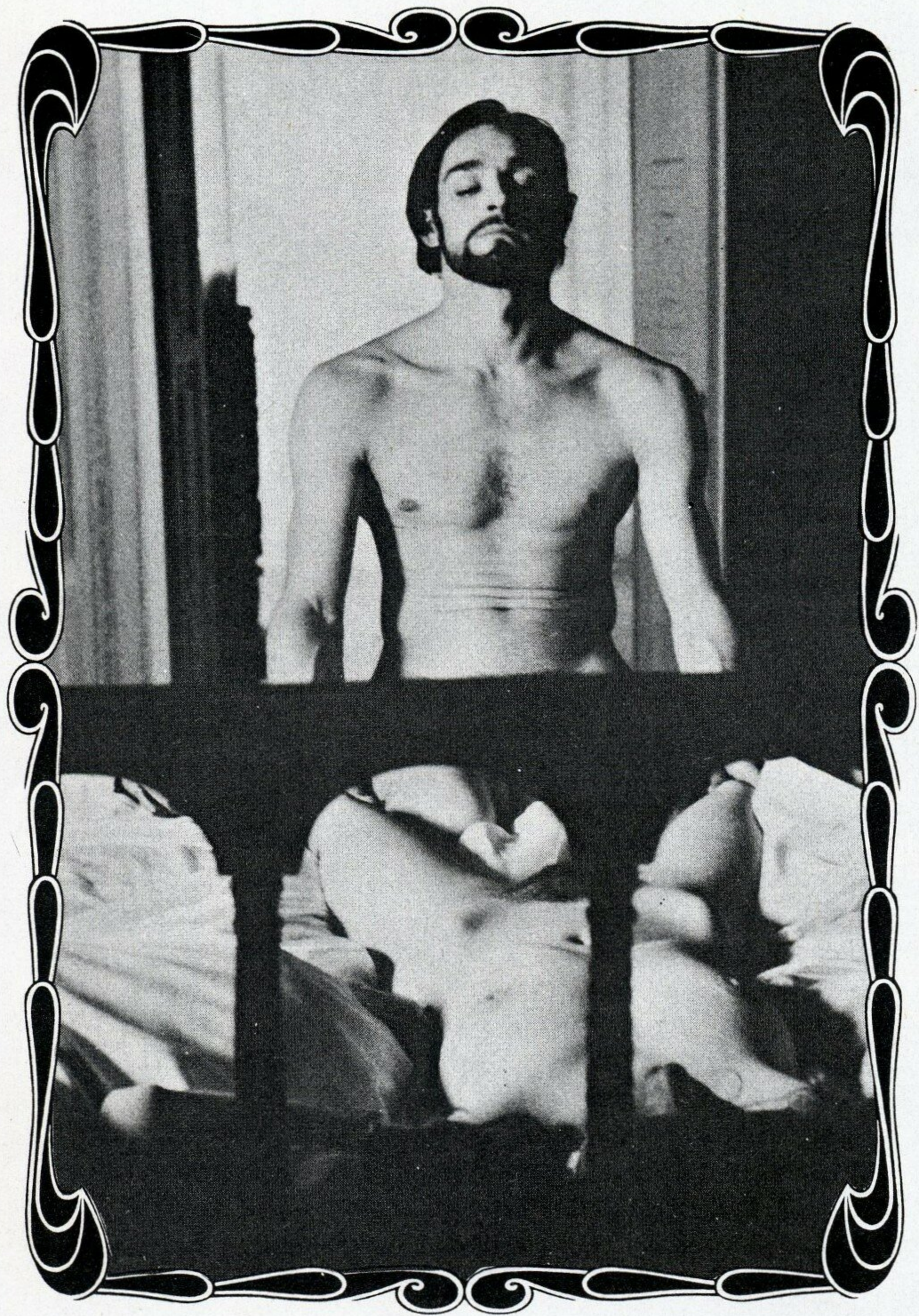


The latest screen nude

CHARLOTTE AS HARLOT

Charlotte Rampling, that aristocratic sex symbol of the Seventies, now appears completely naked in the title role of a violently randy historical romp, "Tis Pity She's a Whore"





Charlotte Rampling – hailed as one of the brightest new faces on the British screen – now appears naked in a new film. Proving she has a body to match the very individual beauty of her face, she stars in the title role of 'Tis Pity She's a Whore.' The screenplay is adapted from the tragedy of the same name by the Jacobean dramatist John Ford. Guiseppe Patroni Griffi directed and helped with the screenplay.

Griffi's film – co-scripted with Alfio Valdarnini and Carlo Carunchio – is a free adaptation from the original. They have retained the guts of the story and left out most minor parts. However, it emphasises the central core. John Ford's original play is widely hailed as a classic masterpiece and the film further strengthens the theme of a man and woman whose love is fated to end in violent death for them both.

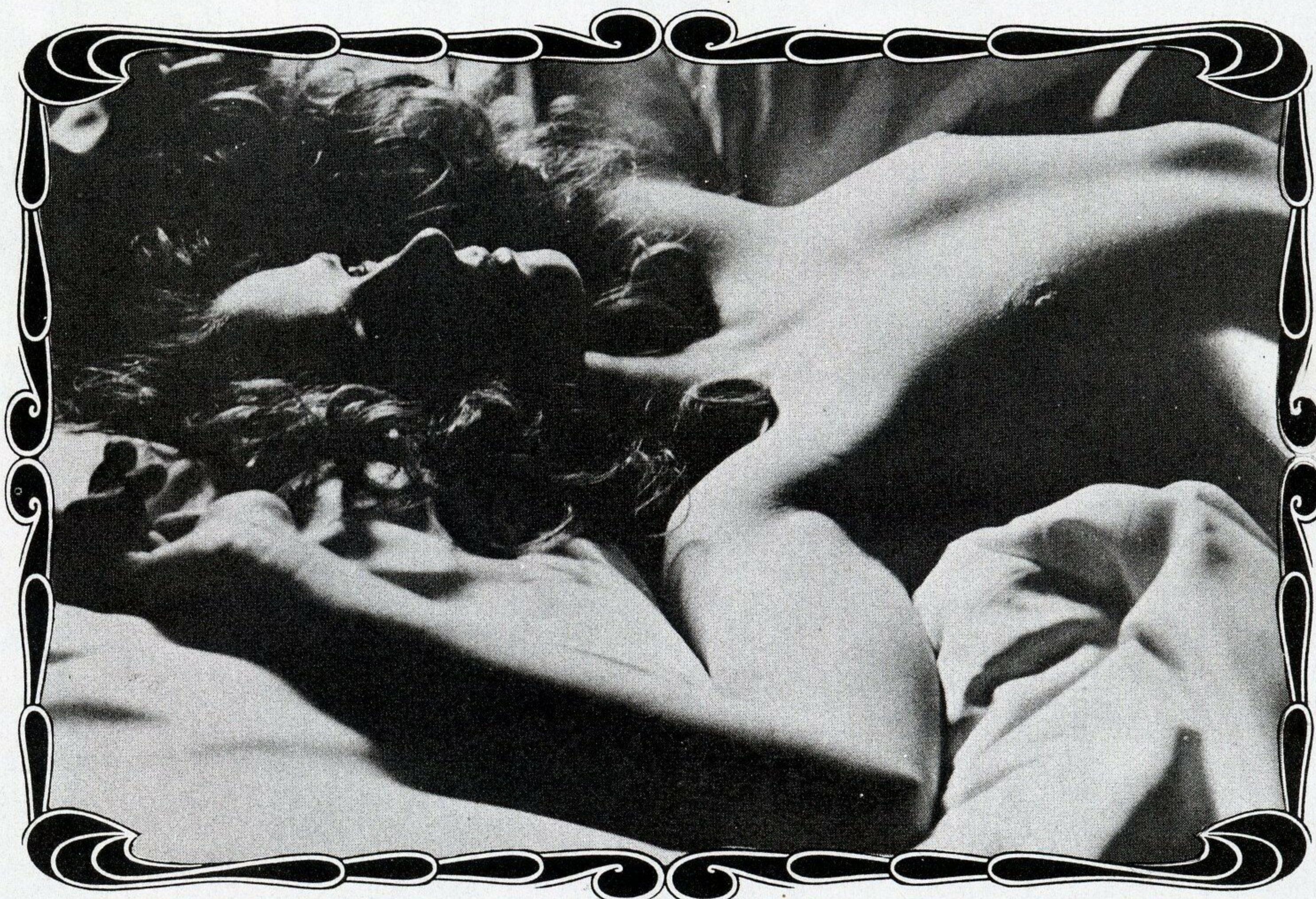
Griffi's realistic modern treatment has produced a highly erotic and violently exciting film.

The story centres round the love of two people – Annabella (Charlotte Rampling) and Giovanni. But this is no ordinary affair. The young lovers are brother and sister, and their love is doomed from the start.

The sex scenes are particularly frank and revealing. But these are tastefully and artfully handled as well as necessary for the development of the plot, showing how hopelessly the brother and sister are entangled. Almost inevitably Annabella becomes pregnant with Giovanni's child, but marries Soranzo, a nobleman. When her husband discovers the truth he plans the deaths of the two lovers during a banquet. But the brother and sister have made a pact of death – 'Love me or kill me' Annabella tells her brother. Her marriage means the end of their affair and Giovanni kills her, appearing at the banquet with her heart impaled on his dagger. Soranzo goes on just the same with the slaughter of his wife's family, helped by his own relatives. But he reserves the right to kill Giovanni for himself. The two rivals both die in the ensuing blood-bath. What a way to go! A Miracle Films presentation, the film will open at the new Swiss Scene cinema in the Swiss Centre, Wardour Street, W.1.

We can't say when it will open as work on the cinema has been delayed.

Charlotte Rampling, playing Annabella, with the two men whose deaths – and her own – result from her incestuous love for her brother. Facing page, top left: Soranzo (Fabio Testi) enters his new bride's bedroom. The cool reception he gets contrasts strongly with the passionate lovemaking of Annabella and Giovanni, played by Oliver Tobias. This page, top: Giovanni appears at the feast brandishing his dead love's heart, only to fulfil their lovers' pact by dying at the point of Soranzo's dagger (right) in a final blood-bath. Soranzo and his men systematically slaughter all the relatives of Annabella and Giovanni at the banquet. Fatally wounded, he slowly kills Giovanni – stabbing him again and again. Revenged, Soranzo dies.



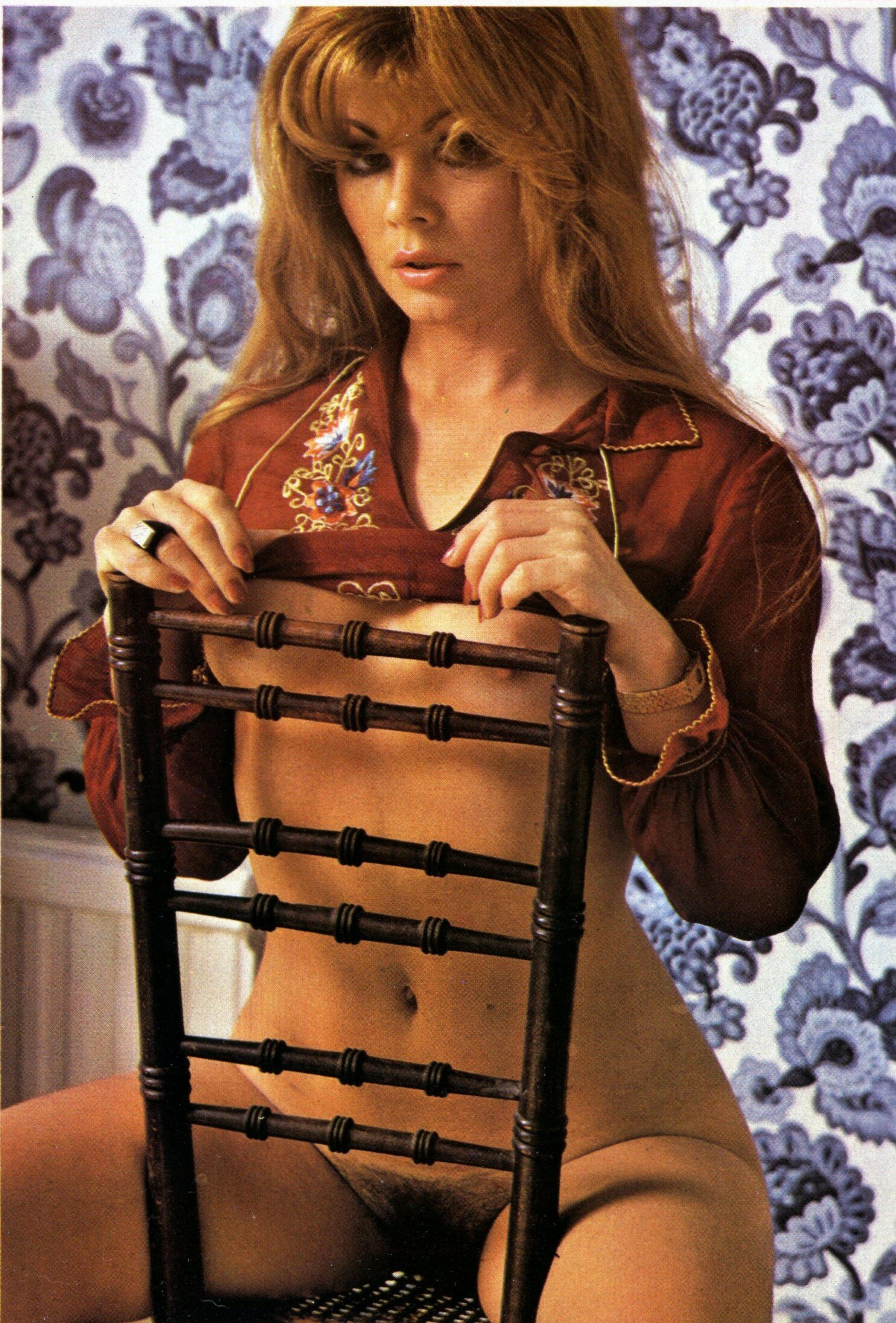
LASSAULT





PENNY

PHOTOGRAPHED BY CLIVE McLEAN



Penny Irving is not a very big girl, but as she sits opposite you and wrinkles her nose at you that old saying 'the best things come in small parcels' takes on a new meaning. She is only five feet two from top to toes but she oozes confidence and personality. As tireless as a young kitten, she is always laughing, always talking, and at parties she'll disappear and meet everyone there in the first half hour. But she always comes back because, as she says 'I enjoy being in love and will give everything to the person I'm in love with.' There's nothing kittenish about Penny's lovely shape. She's a firm young 34-20-34. Penny is a Scottish lass by birth but at nine she turned Sassenach when her parents left their home in Paisley and moved south to settle in Mitcham, Surrey. She left home at 16 and after flitting about in London's



bed-sitter land until 18 she took off abroad: 'I can be quite active at times and I took off to Australia but after six months I got home sick and came back.' Penny is now almost 23 and she lives with her sister in Upper Richmond Road, Putney, and when not drinking in the Arab Boy opposite her flat she is enjoying good food and wine in one of London's restaurants. Her other flat-mates include three Siamese cats and a toy tiger. In her haste to Mayfair she hit a coach in her white mini: 'I'm taking flying lessons at Biggin Hill because I admit I'm a lousy driver and there's more room in the air,' she says, wrinkling her nose and laughing again. She attracted us when we saw her in a sketch in the Benny Hill Show which went out on ITV last October: 'I played a gangster's moll and got killed off by drowning at the end.' Penny can't swim and hates water: 'but I enjoyed it, Benny Hill is so funny,' she tells you, laughing.





MAYFAIR'S GIRL OF THE MONTH / PENNY IRVING



SHELAGH

PHOTOGRAPHED
BY ED ALEXANDER

Some girls dress to please themselves. Others don't really care how they dress as long as they're covered. But there are some girls who dress to turn a man on. Shelagh Downing is such a girl: 'Sometimes I'll wear see-through knickers or black stockings, always with a mini and boots, because I like to draw a man to me,' she says, 'I like to watch his eyes move over me because it gives me a



thrill inside.' Shelagh's a hot blooded Irish lass who's left the Republic behind her. She was born in a tiny fishing village on the wild South West coast, about 60 miles from Cork city. 'It was so quiet there,' she'll tell you, 'and so I made up my mind that on my twentieth birthday I'd come to England. I saved some money and hopped on the boat that sails from Cork to Swansea.' But





Swansea was a bit too rough and ready for her, and she soon moved on to Bristol, or to be more precise, the Clifton district where she now lives. Does she regret leaving Ireland: 'No,' she says, 'home is a pretty little village but there's only two buses a day and it rains every afternoon. And there was absolutely nothing to do in the evenings!' Shelagh is now 24 and enjoying herself to the full in Bristol. You might catch her in The Dick Turpin pub on Whiteladies Road if you're lucky but she does tend to move around a bit when she's not working: 'I work in a boutique and really like it because I can try



on all the clothes until I've found something I really feel sexy in.' Clothied or unclothed, Shelagh is definitely the slinky sexy type. Five feet eight inches of sensuous 36-22-36, and she's quite open about it: 'I like to think I look randy,' she says as she slides into the bath, 'in fact I'm probably kinky in a way, but only in a little way. You see what really turns me on is covering myself with soap.'



When dollies step out of a motor, you can tell if their morals will stretch

Cars are for showing a girl's credentials says Edward Knox/Illustrated by Cobb



A new season of erotic glimpses is upon us. The time of year when young dollies do the rounds of Christmas parties in their miniest minis and hot pants and generally give the male population an eyeful – if not a handful.

But one area of dolly spotting has of late been sadly neglected.

I refer, gentlemen, to the Widespread Thighs Alighting From the Narrow Car Door Syndrome.

Thighs are going to be spread in the new year you know. It's the coming trend.

But is it possible that by studying the way a

turn to page 80



When dollies step out of a motor,

continued from page 77

dolly steps from her motor one can gauge the moral breaking strain of her pantie elastic? I think it is.

There's far more to those quickly opening car doors than meets the funny part of your knee and jack-knives you into the gutter mouthing harsh words in triplicate.

Only the other week while following the herd down Chancery Lane, brolly-atwirl on my way home via a number of hostelries, I was suddenly attacked by a car door on the edge of the pavement. The next moment I was languishing in the gutter, mesmerized by a pair of open legs that shimmered into a cleft haze of dark frothy knicker above me. She was an auburn dolly with long legs in tan thigh boots, a tiny mini and minute bulging top. She stepped out by placing her feet as far apart as the door width would allow, and unbending straddle-legged.

'Gosh,' chimed a melodious voice from somewhere above the froth as I bit a large lump from the handle of my brolly, 'have I done you a nasty?'

Choosing the right moment I thrust my hands upwards and yanked. Either I would go up or her panties would come down. 'What's going on?' she squealed as I jerked her pants down to meet her boots. 'I think rigor mortis is setting in,' I groaned, gaping at the view.

'Oh is it,' she rasped, 'well you can just take that silly grin off your face.'

'Yes, look,' I cried, 'see how my body stiffens.'

'That's not rigor mortis,' she frowned, interested in spite of herself. 'If you don't get up this moment I'll wipe the silly grin off your trousers too.'

And with a quick tug at her tights she was off and away through the jostling crowds. All things considered it was an eventful evening. When I reached the parked Lancia I was just in time to catch a red Dino Ferrari parking its rear into my radiator. Marching to the driver's door for the second time in as many minutes I was reduced from a seething mass to a chuntering heap. She stood beside the sleek low-slung sports car, one hand resting on the roof, the other on a well-rounded hip. A blonde dolly with beautiful long brown legs, she wore a skirt so short it revealed the soft bulging mound beneath her near-transparent white silken panties.

Her hard bouyant breasts were poised like Atlas rocket nose-cones.

'You've damaged my car,' I gurgled.

'Has it punctured your ego?' she murmured. 'Eh?'

'Have I deflated your masculinity?'

I looked down. 'Quite the contrary,' I lusted, 'what do you think this is?'

'A tyre lever?' she asked in that syrupy smooth voice. 'A spanner in the works?' She was a very cool dolly.

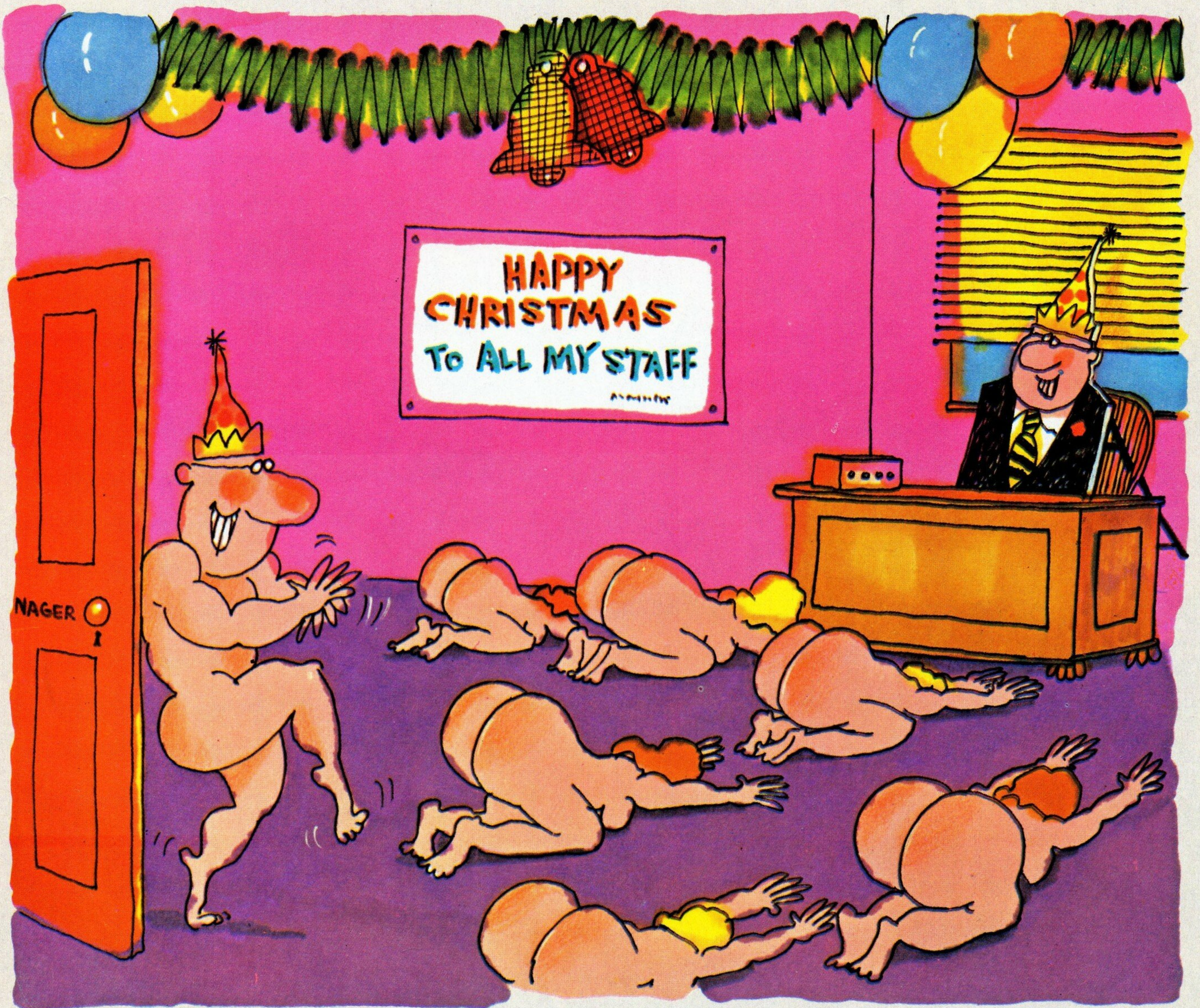
'If it's a spanner,' I tried, 'I'd like to get it in your works.'

'Look,' she murmured, 'you take down my particulars and I'll take down yours.'

Well, a nod's as good as a wink and I'd

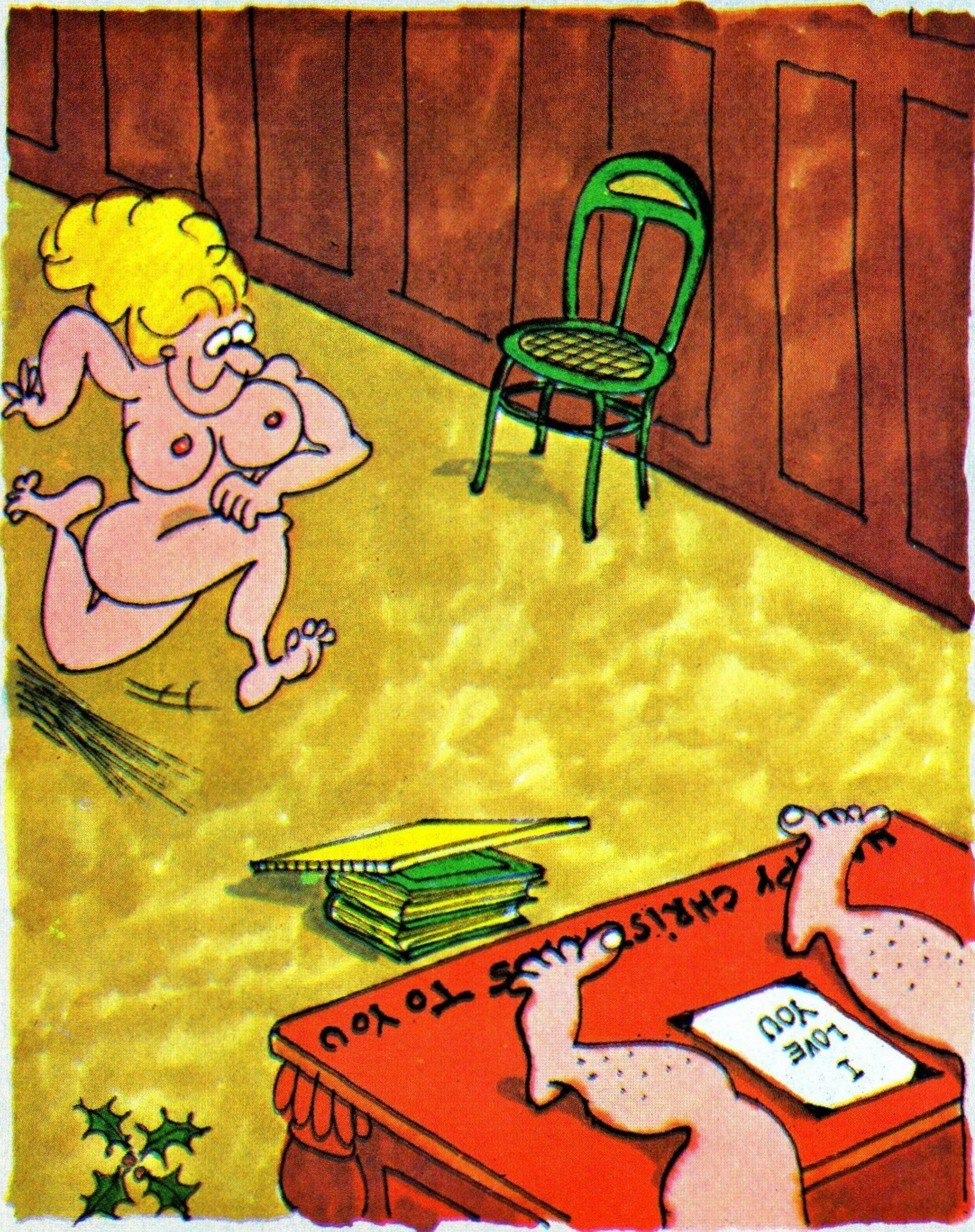
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Getting in on the Act

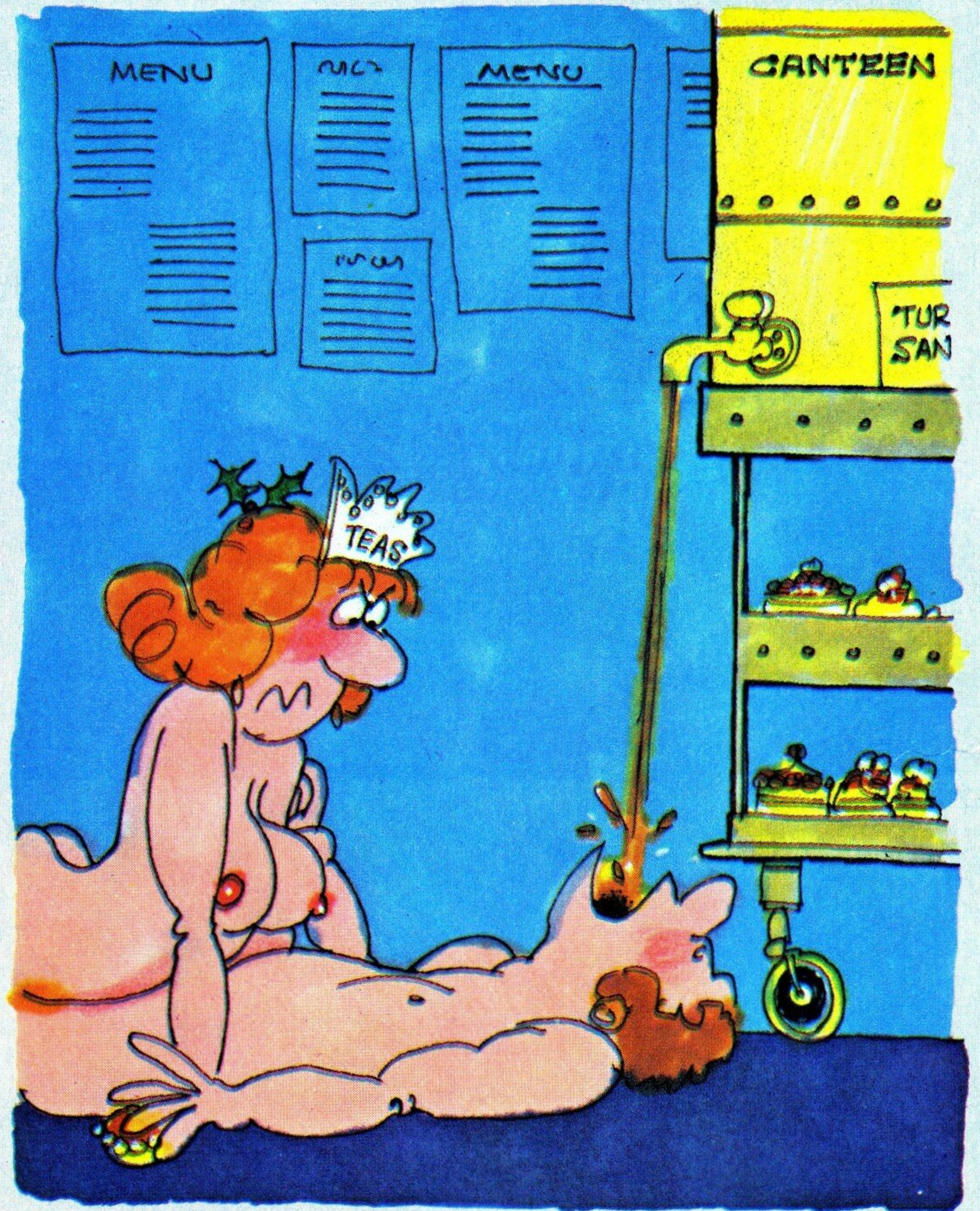


Management must not use their position to take advantage of employees

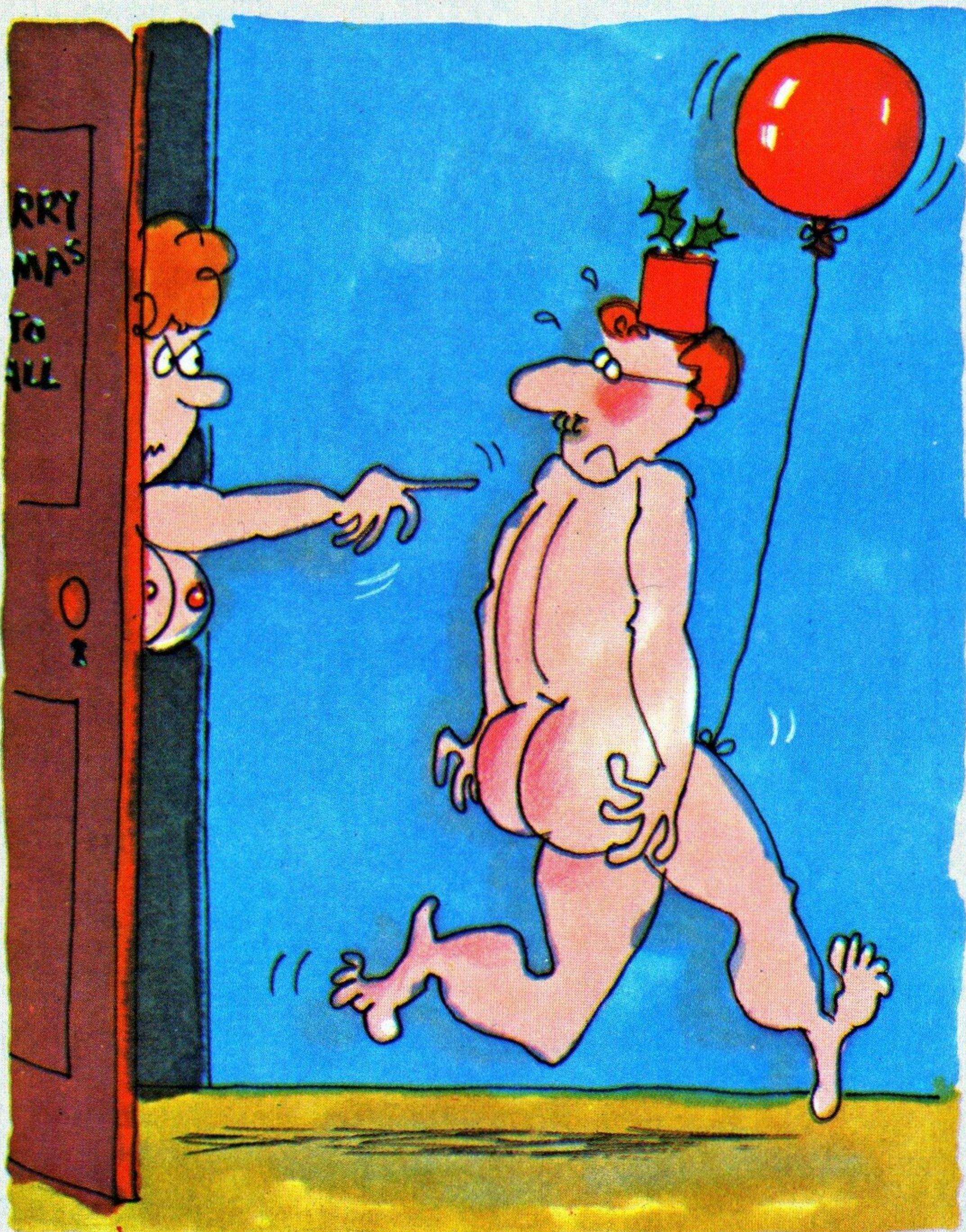
What effect will the Industrial Relations Act have on the office festivities and dolly grabbing this Christmas?
Peter Maddocks clocks in to the randy office party



Trainee secretarial staff to be given all help so as to achieve speed and accuracy



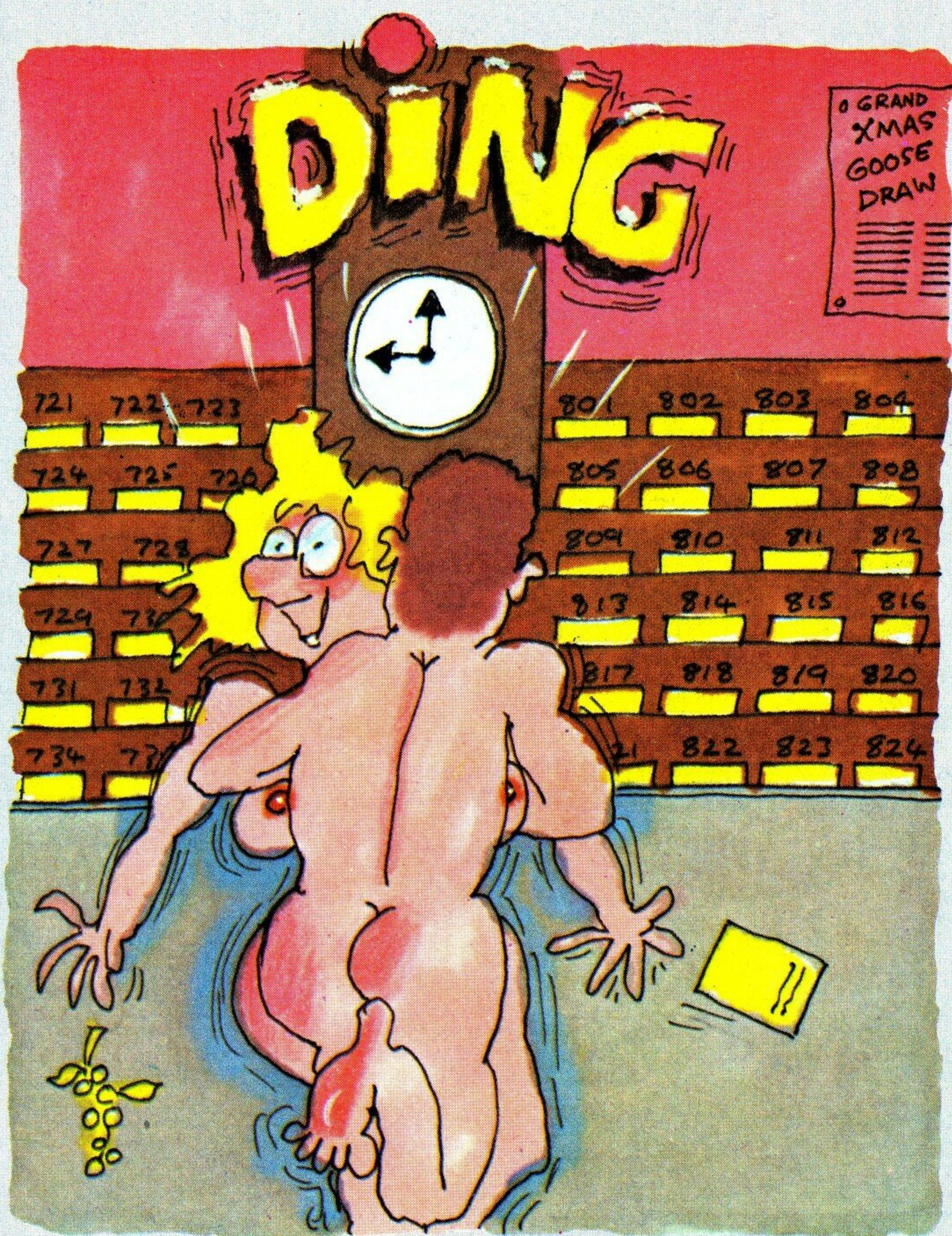
Compulsory cooling off periods



No inflationary rises



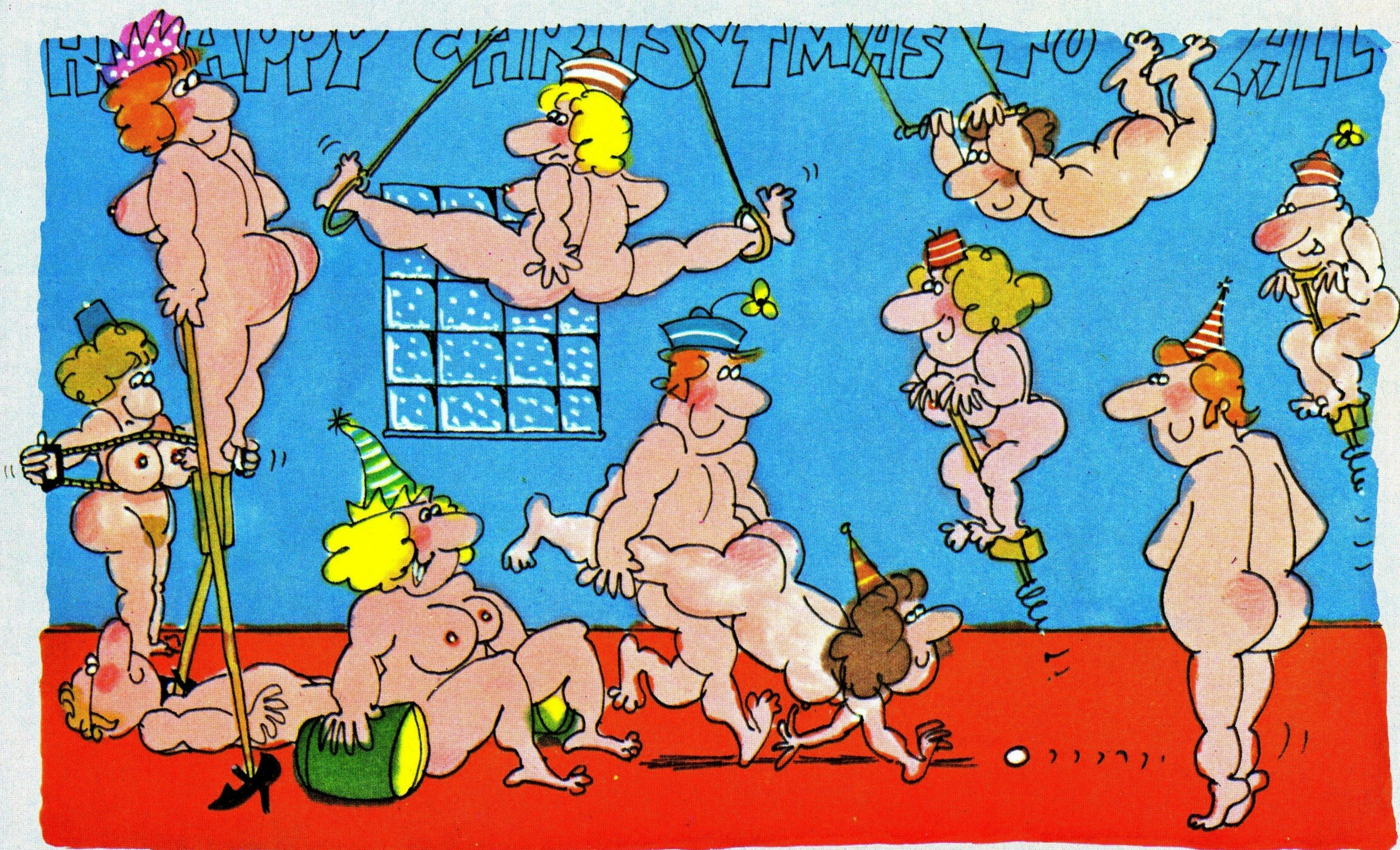
Unofficial stoppages to be severely discouraged



Workers and management to try to come together



The shop steward to decide when to down tools



All employees to have benefit of sports facilities

NINA

PHOTOGRAPHED BY CLIVE MCLEAN



On meeting Nina Warren-Phillips you realise you are probably talking to the most soft-hearted, friendly girl you are ever likely to meet. Nina is comfortably enjoying life at the responsible age of 21 and has a warm, uncomplicated smile that churns you up inside. She comes from Upper Beeding in Sussex, about 10 miles from Brighton where she was born: 'The nearest hospital was in Brighton,' she says, grinning.



She didn't get on with school very well, hating piano lessons in particular: 'My feet wouldn't reach the pedals and I kept kicking the teacher which wasn't appreciated.' Nina is bigger now, a shade over 5 feet 5 and if you were to put numbers to her pert little figure they would read 34-24-35. It was at Upper Beeding where Nina first started horse-riding at the age of five, an activity which she still enjoys a great deal today. Before she became a girl of leisure, as she describes herself, Nina worked with horses belonging to a retired Major in Wiltshire. But she didn't like the long hours: 'Anyway, I felt like coming home for a while





and so I decided to leave,' she says. Living now at Dunsfold, near Guildford, Nina enjoys a life of good things and when not at Pantiles disco club near Basingstoke she's riding or swimming. She's the lively, devil-may-care type and one of her more outlandish pranks took place in the water: 'Once at a barbecue given by the local Conservatives, whom I'd been pressed into joining,' she says, 'a few friends and myself livened things up a little by swimming in the nude.' Sexually Nina has no hang-ups. Her virginity ended, 'very pleasurably' she'll tell you, at 18, after which she was put on the pill.





Now I've had my pudding, how about afters with me?

Mike George instructs in the art of chatting up a waitress without getting the soup poured over you

'How would you like your steak, sir?'

'Cooked.'

'No - I mean rare, medium rare, or well done.'

'I'll tell you what, love. You be a sweetie, flutter those lovely lashes at the cook and if they don't fall off in the soup ask him to use his discretion. As long as the blood isn't pumping off the edge of the plate and as long as he's happy it's cooked - I'm happy. Okay?'

'Oh. Alright. Only most customers are rather particular.'

'Lovey - I've had tough meat and rare meat and my palate adjusts itself each time. So long as it's there on a plate I'll get stuck in. You read me?'

'Yes. Rather too well, I think. Would you like something to drink?'

'Play your cards right, love and you can have me anyway - you don't have to get me plastered.'

'Cheeky. No seriously. Do you want something to drink?'

'No thanks, dear. You've only got to show me a grape and I'll try to open the door by its hinges. Can I have a double coke, please?'

'Double coke . . . ah, here's your soup. I suppose now you'll be fishing about to see if there's a fly in it, or something, won't you?'

'No love. Eyelash. I assume the cook wears a zip, doesn't he?'

'I'm sure I wouldn't know, actually.'

'Good. That's reassuring at least.'

'Oh, why?'

'Because if it isn't the cook then perhaps it's the head waiter and I can easily keep my beady eye on him.'

'Whatever do you mean?'

'Come on, love. It must be someone who's making you . . . look so happy and radiant, I mean.'

'Oh. I see. No. Well. Nobody here, actually.'

'Ah. So there's some hope after all for a nice clean living Englishman, yes?'

'Oh you are dreadful, honestly. I'm sure you must have kissed the Blarney Stone at some time, haven't you?'

'What? Me bend over in Ireland. Not likely, love. I don't fancy getting myself defused just yet. No, I just think you're rather edible, that's all.'

'Well, I think you're awful. Here's your steak.'

'Oh. Thanks. I might need this. Should I have ordered spinach as well, d'you think?'

'Spinach?'

'Yes, love. Makes your biceps twang.'

'Oh? Have you got big biceps, then?'

'Only when I'm roused.'

'Mmm. Exciting. Are you roused now?'

'Well if you persist in picking that cutlery off the bottom shelf much longer I shall be, yes. How about my double coke?'

'Oh, I'm ever so sorry. I forgot. You shouldn't have kept me talking like that. It's your fault.'

'Yeah. It usually is. This steak is just right. What's for pud?'

'What's for pud. Honestly. This is quite a high class establishment, you know. I could get shot chatting to you like this. As it is the head waiter keeps looking daggers at me. It's a good job I've got this cutlery tray to look after.'



'Don't worry love. He couldn't really give a fork. Sorry. No. I mean, the place is half empty and he's a clockwork orange anyway, so don't worry your pretty little head about it. What is it, anyway?'

'What?'

'Pud.'

'Oh. Um. Well, there's the sweet trolley?'

'No thanks, the varnish would make me choke.'

'Oh we are corny tonight, aren't we?'

'You mean you noticed?'

'There's no need to be rude. Don't think because I'm just a waitress here I don't know what I'm on.'

'Oh, I know what you're on, love.'

'Oh? What am I on, then?'

'Would you believe . . . heat, maybe?'

'Oh, honestly. Well. Yes. If you must know I suppose I am.'

'Good.'

'It's not good.'

'It is good.'

'Why is it good?'

'Oh don't be so bloody stupid, woman. You're on heat - I'm never off heat. What time do you finish?'

'In half an hour.'

'You're kidding.'

'No I'm not. Why should I be kidding?'

'Well - I shall get indigestion. No. Seriously. I mean I usually have to wait around 'till 4.0 am or some such God-awful hour of the morn when all I really want to do is sleep . . .'

'Now you hold on there, Soldier. Don't you start getting any wrong ideas now. This is a respectable restaurant, you know, not a . . .'

'Knocking shop?'

'Well, actually I wasn't going to say that, but . . .'

'Look, love. Don't let's mess around, eh? I think you're absolutely gorgeous and I feel we could do each other quite a favour. Perhaps I flatter myself [safety clause to cover embarrassment in the unlikely event of my really having misinterpreted this chick] but I feel you fancy me the same way I fancy you. Where do you live, as a matter of interest?'

'Ireland.'

'Stupid girl. I mean now.'

'Oh - just down the road.'

'On your own?'

'You're really too subtle for words, aren't you? No. With my brother. He's a navvy. Quite a large one as it happens.'

'Well he may not be digging roads at this time of night but I'll bet he's not home, all the same. Look, love - if someone offers you a million dollars you don't stop to think about it, do you. And really - it's worth a million dollars at times, isn't it?'

'For sure you've kissed the Blarney.'

'Never, love. Quite a few girls, maybe, but a lump of stone? Backwards? Me? Kinky I may be but that's absurd.'

'So you're kinky, are you?'

'Only for beautiful Irish girls in black and white dresses and red knickers and take that glint out of your eye you saucy bitch and what's your scene?'

turn to page 106

Sorry but we've held back as long as we could and the inevitable has finally had to happen. With next month's Mayfair the price goes up to 40p. But we'll continue to make every issue better than the one before

Next month in Mayfair

Start the new year in great shape

We've found a girl who has the ultimate in sex-appeal for very many men. A sweet, demure little secretary. But she's also a smouldering sex-bomb with incredible breasts. The kind of contours to trap your gaze and wreck your dictation. We've persuaded her to put down her pad and pencil to reveal what lies beneath that virginal exterior. It seemed to release in her a startling amalgam of innocence and sensuality. The pictures that we will be bringing you next month should fulfil a lot of men's wildest and most erotic ideals.



The cult car. We examine the great appeal of a tiny car which attracts devoted men of motoring. They are lavishly and lovingly cared for. We captured their story and some great pictures at their concours.

Hair-raising horror. We've just unearthed an amazing range of weird and wonderful pictures illustrating the nightmares of the Victorians. Their deep dread was battling with snakes or swallowing mice.

Erotic illustrations. Carrie, our wayward strip girl, had a rapturous reception from readers. There's another erotic escapade in this issue. And Ronald Cobb details more of his memorably beautiful girls.

New Quest Series. Our research has often dealt with the dominant male. But this month we tackle a delicate subject which often causes frustration in sexual relations. Girls talk of the early climax which mars sex so often.

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And so to bedding...

Fiction by Arlene Sobel

In 31 years Mr Pepys had never seen a girl more worthy of his mattresses

Beds, beds, beds to the left, beds to the right, beds before, beds behind, single beds, double beds, twin beds, standard and king-size; zipped and linked; trundle and camp and bunk and high-rise beds, beds, beds the whole world, bedding down the couples to cling to each other nakedly, climbing and clutching and clinching one-two-one-two-one-two, changing positions, birds below, birds above, birds, birds, bedded birds, bodies like snakes, coiling, coiling, coiling coitously, uninterruptedly they call 'love me, love me,' their long hair spreading over the beds, beds . . .

'Pardon me, Mr Pepys,' said the small and seedy, old and crinkly Mr Soames, coughing and clearing the springs of his throat with a halting 'heh heh.'

Beds, bloody beds . . .

'Mr Pepys, sir, you have a customer,' sniffed Mr Soames, the manager of Divine Divans, the most ambitious bedding store in London.

Bloody birds, birds . . .

'Sir,' hissed Mr Soames, menacingly.

Mr Pepys opened his eyes, then his mouth: before him floated a pair of boobs the size of blown-up balloons. Gently they rose and fell, then rose and fell again, and Mr Pepys suddenly had the urge to catch them between his teeth and bite them so hard that they exploded all over his face. But of course he didn't do it; instead he thought of beds, beds, beds.

'Good afternoon, madam; can I help you?' asked Mr Pepys so courteously, so cautiously, and with such complete self-possession that Mr Soames slithered away satisfied.

Mr Pepys looked up. For just one moment he thought he saw his own reflection (he was short and spare, with a rabbit face, stained teeth, and sparse, sandy-coloured hair) being bandied about by the black motes of amusement of her long lashed, hazel eyes, and he felt as though he had been whipped. It was pleasurable humiliating. 'Charles, Charles,' he heard her call, and he quickly looked down. Then there were footsteps, and as they came closer his eyes made their long, slow ascent from her slim feet to her slender ankles to her shapely calves (he noted the high-heeled, soft leather boots) to her solid thighs (he lingered on her flesh-toned stockings) to the crease between her legs (he was sweating by the time he reached her crotch-hugging hot pants). Coily her covered up cleft teased him, brazenly bounding out to his eyes, then wavering, then retreating with only the slightly wiggle.

'Charles,' she said with such sweet insistence that Mr Pepys's

turn to page 118



